

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IX. No. 8

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NOVEMBER 24, 1918

Hunting for Dorothy.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

ALICE was uneasy. She had looked from the south window a dozen times in the last five minutes.

"Maybe she'll come by the turnpike," suggested Mrs. Mason, who was turning boiling water into a brown teapot. "You give me the fidgets running to look every minute!"

Alice opened the back door and stepped out. From the doorstone she had a view of the turnpike until it curved into a stretch of woods beyond the pasture brook.

"Not a sign of Dorothy yet!" she said anxiously.

Her father, scraping his boots on the step-iron, shared her disappointment.

"It isn't like Dorothy to be so behindhand," he said. "And you had counted on a blithe hour for tea-time."

"I've been watching two whole hours. I'd counted so much on this afternoon with Dorothy, and I couldn't go to meet her because there wasn't a word said about which way she would come from her house."

Mrs. Mason had opened the door and stood with her hand on Alice's shoulder.

"Timothy hasn't come either!" she said anxiously.

"He's too busy playing ball to remember the time," declared Mr. Mason. "These nine-year-olds are as interested in their play as though they were putting up a League game!"

"But he promised not to be late again!" objected Mrs. Mason.

"I'm going to look up Dorothy anyhow, and if I come across Timothy he'll be started for home in a hurry, folks!" declared Alice, reaching into the back for her sweater and cap. "Don't keep father's supper waiting for me to come back."

"A ride with Lyard will work off some of your fidgets!" laughed Mrs. Mason, giving the red cap an extra pull over her daughter's brown hair.

It took Alice but a minute to slip the bridle over Lyard's gray head, and lay the saddle on his back. She could perfectly well have tightened the girths with her strong hands, but instead of doing so she led the horse to the back step and had her father make everything secure. Alice knew that to know she was starting safely made him glad.

"Away with you both!" he laughed when he had lifted her to the saddle and put the rein in her hand.

"I'll find those truants!" promised Alice, putting her hand on Lyard's glossy shoulder.

The horse needed no second command to start. It was yesterday since he had stepped out of the stable, and he loved to travel with Alice's light weight on his back. In a minute he was through the farmyard gate and on the country road. His feet pounded as he galloped and Alice left the rein loose on his neck.

It was after sunset. The world was crimson with reflected light and in sheltered spots the twilight shadows were deep. Alice loved to be out at the hour of the

blamed herself for having foolish fears about Dorothy. Getting down from Lyard, she left him hitched to the post and walked into the Harper kitchen. The family was eating supper, and looked up in surprise to hear the door open at so unusual a time of day.

"Why, Alice!" smiled Mr. Harper, speaking first.

Alice glanced at the table. It was set without a place for Dorothy, and her fears for her friend sprang up afresh.

"Where is Dorothy?" she asked.

"She started for your house as much as three hours ago. Land sakes, didn't she get there?" cried Mrs. Harper, thoroughly startled by the expression in Alice's gray eyes when she knew Dorothy had left home.

Alice felt so weak, she sat down in the nearest chair. The Harpers were asking a dozen questions, but Alice could answer positively only one of them. Twenty minutes ago Dorothy had not come in sight of the Mason house.

"She may be there by this time," added Alice, trying to comfort them, but more frightened than she dared think. What dreadful thing might have happened during those three hours since Dorothy had left her home? The woods were lonely. A tramp had never been seen within the township boundaries, but now Alice's imagination had jumped to a dozen impossible emergencies. But Mr. Harper was laying plans for action.

"We must start to hunt her up," he said when he had compared details. "There wasn't a sign of her on the village road, and mother here says she meant to take the short cut through the woods. I'll take the lantern and go over the cart-path."

"Let me ride around the cliff road," begged Alice. "It isn't likely she went that way, but I came through the village and there isn't room for Lyard by the cart-path."

"Anything may be likely to happen when one is in all-around uncertainty," replied Mr. Harper.

Mounted once more on Lyard, Alice turned his head toward the cliff road. She could see the lantern in Mr. Harper's hand bobbing as he ran across the field toward the woods. It seemed rather foolish for her to be taking the longest way, and she wished Mr. Harper had asked her to go right to the village and raise the alarm to start a neighborhood search for Dorothy.

"You must walk carefully, Lyard, and stop every few minutes for me to look and listen," she told the horse, and felt sure he understood.



By H. Weston Taylor.

"Get in the boat, and we'll start this minute."

blind-man's holiday. The road would be empty, for it was supper-time at the farms and in the village. It always seemed to her an hour when she could leave work and plans, and gain new strength for things that were to be accomplished.

If one traveled by the village road it was two miles from the Harper farm to the Mason homestead. There were three ways by which to make the trip. One was by the turnpike which led through the village; another by a longer, sandy, lonely road that wound along by the shore of the bay; and the third, the shortest way of all, but practical only for foot travel, a cart-path through the woods. Alice had expected Dorothy to come by the footpath.

The crimson sunset light had darkened and the shadows were thick when Alice reached the Harper house. Now she rather

The last glimmer of twilight was gone. The stars overhead shone clearly. The sea was murmuring on the rocky beach as the tide ebbed; it had turned an hour ago, and the water stretched shadowed and unbroken to the horizon where a lighted halo grew brighter every minute. Before long the moon would rise in the midst of hazy light. Again and again Alice spoke softly to Lyard and he stood like a statue for her to listen. Again and again the girl strained her eyes and ears for some sign or sound of Dorothy. But each time there was only the lapping of the waves, and the night shadows on the road and water. Not a person was passing that way but her own self. Again and again Alice quieted the fear that would rise and thump at her heart when she thought of dangers through which Dorothy might even now be passing.

"I won't stop again after we reach Tibbetts' Corner!" she determined finally.

At Tibbetts' Corner the road made a sharp turn away from the bay and went inland to meet the turnpike. It had received its name from the people who had been given a grant of land generations before, and a little island just off shore went by the same name. At the Corner, Alice drew Lyard's rein for the last stop. The turn of the road had brought her in sight of the red light on the rocks miles away to the south, and she could also see Tibbetts' Island.

"Some one has gone out and built a driftwood fire on Tibbetts'! What a lark!" she thought.

There certainly was a driftwood fire burning on Tibbetts' Island. The island was a low, rocky scrap of land that served little purpose but for clam diggers to draw up their boats. Not a thing grew there, and when the storm waves ran high they swept over the place. It really was a delightfully spooky place for boys in quest of thrills, and Alice wondered now that no one had thought of it for an All Fools' Day prank.

Curious to know what the fire meant, she dismounted and led Lyard a little way. Her muscles were cramped, and she wanted to be sure there was nothing wrong to see or hear before she turned away from the coast. The tiptop of the moon peeped over the horizon and its glade began to brighten the water. Alice looked again at the driftwood fire. How pretty were the little tongues of green and yellow flames that spluttered up in the redness! And then a tongue of fire rose above the rest and began to move systematically. For a minute Alice stared. This was a signal for some one on the coast to comprehend. What could it mean? She had played enough at wig-wag signaling with her brother Timothy to understand that the motions of that flaming brand made the emergency call for assistance. Some one was in trouble. It was not lads out for a lark who had started that driftwood fire on Tibbetts' Island. Timothy was out there and in trouble!

Quick as thought Alice fastened Lyard to a tree, by the bridle rein, and was hurrying down the shore. There were some stout dories buoyed at the low-tide line, and Alice walked out through the water to the nearest of them. The oars were lashed securely to the thwarts, and her fingers untied swiftly the rope knots. Just once Alice Mason paused and that was to

lift her hands to her lips and send a shrill whistle over the water. The faint sound that wafted over the waves a minute later was too highly pitched to be an echo of her own hail.

Alice's arms were strong and her shoulders trained for rowing. As good luck would have it she was in a boat she knew. The bow cut through the water and the wake boiled behind. The tide was high enough to secure her from danger of grounding on the mud flats which would presently be bare. A straight line to the fire was her course, and the moon made the water bright. Timothy was running toward her and crying out when the keel grated on Tibbetts' Island.

"Dorothy and I thought nobody would ever start to find us, and then it is you!"

"Dorothy?" gasped Alice. In her fear for Timothy's possible danger she had forgotten that she was seeking Dorothy.

"She's here with me, Dorothy is!" he declared.

Alice looked up. The driftwood fire was dying, but her eyes were so accustomed to the darkness that she could see clearly. Dorothy stood above the water line, shivering, in a plaid gingham dress; her hair was loose, and her shoes so cut and torn that Alice could see her flesh.

"How did you two get here?" she demanded.

"She saved my life!" burst out Timothy. He was shivering, too, in his thin, dank garments.

"Get us home now, dear!" said Dorothy. "We're tired and wet."

"And cold and hungry!" added Timothy.

"Get in the boat and we'll start this minute!" said Alice.

They left the driftwood fire to burn itself out, and without wasting breath on questions Alice pulled the dory back to the mainland. There would be time enough to learn details of the adventure.

"Now you two are to get on Lyard!" she determined, leading the way to where the horse was tied. She slipped off her sweater and drew it on over Dorothy's damp clothes and got them onto Lyard's back from a stone wall.

"Keep him moving as quickly as you can," she ordered. "I'll come right along!"

Alone and half running, stumbling sometimes and feeling the cold wind cut sharply through her own gingham dress, Alice hurried after them. The sound of Lyard's hoofs came back to her, and when she came out of the woods a lighted doorway and bobbing lantern told her that the fugitives had reached the Mason house and roused the home folks. And Alice hurried faster, anxious to know if they were injured and what had happened to put them in such a sorry plight.

Wrapped in Alice's kimono and with her bandaged feet in a blanket Dorothy told their story. Timothy, eating bread and milk at the table, looked up occasionally to interject comments he felt were needed.

"Why, I met Timothy on the road and proposed that we row out to Tibbetts' Island. The water looked so delightfully blue and smooth, and I had started so early that I had plenty of time to go and get back here promptly. We had a beautiful time going out, but coming back"—

Timothy interrupted.

"I leaned over to see a fish swimming. I must have tipped the boat right over."

"Anyhow we were both in the water and nearer the island than the shore."

Timothy interrupted again.

"Dorothy saved my life, she did."

"You aren't so old a swimmer as I, Timmie," she said gently. "And the current out there is very strong. More than once I thought we should both go under. And you can imagine how cold we were when we reached the island. It was such a long while before we could rub a flame from the driftwood, and then not a person passed Tibbetts' Corner as long as there was light enough for us to see the mainland. And we could hardly expect that any one would pass that lonely way after dark. But Timothy insisted on keeping the wig-wag going."

"You're a heroine!" declared Alice, abruptly.

"I should say that honor belonged to you. Why, we would still be there if you hadn't come out after us."

"I don't know when we should have thought of looking for you there," commented Mr. Harper.

Timothy had spooned the last drop of milk from the bottom of the blue bowl, and he spoke abruptly.

"I'm the culprit to be punished!" he said.

"Weren't you punished enough out there in the water and the cold?" asked Dorothy, softly.

"There couldn't anybody possibly make me think harder about wanting to do right than you did getting me out of the water. I thought of a whole lot of people who wanted me to stay alive and be good as I know how!" Alice put a plate of frosted cookies where Timothy could reach them.

"I don't think daddy's going to punish you, laddie! He knows you're the right kind of sorry!"

"And I guess we're the right kind of glad about our girls, eh, Harper?" smiled Mr. Mason.

Fun.

Mother: "Don't ask so many questions, child. Curiosity killed the cat."

Willie: "What did the cat want to know, mother?"

The Sunday School Advocate.

Auntie felt called upon to chide Annie for getting wet so often. One day mother and auntie were sitting by the dining table talking of Annie's still being out when it was beginning to rain.

Just then they heard the kitchen door open softly.

"There she is now," said mother.

"Who has wet feet now?" called auntie.

An ominous stillness for the space of three seconds, then a gruff voice replied,

"The ice man."

Harper's Magazine.

Two English workmen were discussing the war.

"It will be an awful long job, Sam," said one.

"It will," replied the other.

"You see, these Germans is takin' thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners, and the Russians is takin' thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on all the Russians will be in Germany and all the Germans in Russia. And then they'll start all over again, fightin' to get back their 'omes."

Tit-Bits.

A Child's Song of Thankfulness.

(Tune, "Home, Sweet Home.")

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

OUR Father in Heaven,
Accept now, we pray,
Our praise for Thy blessings,
Bestowed every day;
For winter's snow garlands,
For autumn's good cheer,
For roses of June-time,
For all the glad year.

For friends, home and loved ones,
With warm hearts and true,
For this, our free country,
We give thanks to You.
Our hearts we are bringing,
Accept them, we pray,
Our Father in Heaven—
This Thanksgiving Day.

Sam's Thanksgiving Visitors.

BY HARRIET IVES.

WHEN Joseph's father moved to the extreme West and settled near the edge of a forest he took with him one large turkey from the old barnyard.

"We will buy many fowls later," he said, "but we will take old Sam along for our first Thanksgiving dinner."

Joseph helped his father in many ways. He sometimes fed the cows, tended the little calves, and Sam was his special care. He built a new picket fence about Sam's coop so he could get out and walk about every day.

Sam grew very plump and saucy. He would eat from Joseph's hand and strut merrily when he came in sight.

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" he would say, and although Joseph would throw him more corn every time, he knew Sam was not always begging for food, but saying nice and friendly things in his own way.

The pumpkin ripened in the sunshine and was gathered for pies. Joseph's mother made sauce from a few yellow apples which grew on the farm.

Thanksgiving Day was drawing very near when Joseph made his usual visit to the turkey coop. Everything seemed very quiet. Sam was not strutting nor scraping his wings in the early morning light. Joseph peeped within the coop and he was not there. Sam was nowhere to be seen.

"He has gone to the forest," said his father. "See, here is a loose picket. He has passed through this large crack. We may never see him again, but we will scatter some feed and call him as usual. It may be that he will return."

Many times that day Joseph stood beside the fence and called Sam as though he was in the coop. His father let him even go to the edge of the forest. Late in the afternoon Joseph made his last trip. He took a pail of corn with him this time, and made a trail of the golden grains all the way from the edge of the forest to the coop he had made for Sam.

The shadows were gathering when Joseph's mother served their early evening meal. While they were at the table they heard a familiar sound—"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"—drawing nearer and nearer.

"Sam is coming home!" cried Joseph. "I will see that he goes inside the coop."

"Hush!" said his father. "Be still a moment. I think I hear other voices besides Sam's."

Joseph and his mother sat very still as his father wished and they could plainly hear more than one turkey.

"Sam has brought visitors home to share your yellow corn," said his father, smiling because of the pleasant fact. "We will not disturb them until after dark. Then we will go out and close the door of the coop."

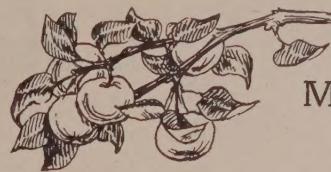
When Joseph slipped out in the darkness and closed the door of the coop, he found

three more large wild turkeys in the coop with Sam.

"Oh! I am so happy, father," he cried on his return to the house. "We can keep Sam, because we now have one turkey for Thanksgiving, one for Christmas and one!"

"To give to the family just below us," said his mother, quietly.

"Yes," said his father, "we will keep Sam because he has made it possible for us to share good gifts both now and in the future."



Mother Tolliver's Woodpile.

BY ARTHUR L. DAHL.



EMBERS of the Clan, you are summoned to a powwow!"

It was Bob Dowling who spoke, making himself heard above the noise of the games that were going on. The boys gathered about him eagerly, expecting some new prank.

"Fellers," said Bob, as he had their attention. "I've got a scheme for having lots of fun, fooling the old folks, and at the same time doing a good turn for Mother Tolliver. Are you all in on it?"

"You bet," shouted a dozen voices in unison. "Even if there wasn't any fun in it, we'd do anything for Mother Tolliver. Go ahead, spill it."

"Well, dad told mother to-day that Mother Tolliver's woodyard was almost empty and he didn't know how it was going to be filled. He also said she seemed to believe in fairies, and wasn't worrying about keepin' warm this winter. Now if you fellers are willing, my plan is to get all our bunch together, take wagons and some axes and saws, and go out to the old mill that was burned down and get enough wood to keep her warm all winter. We'll cut it all up out there, load the wagons full, haul them to Skinny's place and leave them there until to-night when it's dark, then take the wood quietly to the old lady's and make them all think the fairies did it. What do you think?"

"Fine, fine," and a score of hats went up in the air, in a burst of enthusiasm.

Within half an hour every wagon and every available boy in the village was *en route* to the burned mill. Axes and saws had never been so eagerly seized or handled as they were this day, as the attacking army, led by the excited Bobby, descended upon the vast quantity of charred but perfectly good timbers which once made the foundation of a flour mill now abandoned and left to decay.

Dividing his little army into pairs, Bobby directed the cutting and sawing of suitable timbers into sizes convenient for burning. With the strength of youth and in the spirit of a game the boys toiled until every wagon and cart was loaded to capacity. Then, tired but happy, the procession wended its way back to town as unostentatiously as possible.

Skinny Slater had been given the honor of harboring the wagons until dark because his house was on the outskirts of the village. Swearing each boy to se-

crecy, and commanding them to reassemble quietly at dusk, Bobby disbanded his little troop, who hastened off to satisfy their keen appetites for supper.

Bobby found conditions favorable for escaping embarrassing questions as to his whereabouts that afternoon, for his father's professional calls prevented him from reaching home in time for supper and Mrs. Dowling was equally occupied in making notes for a Red Cross meeting the next day, which she tried to do between mouthfuls. Just as soon as he could get away, Bobby departed for Skinny's, where he found awaiting him the entire membership of the clan. Impatiently they awaited the coming of darkness, for Bobby insisted that the start should not be made until their movements could be entirely cloaked by inky blackness.

The village streets, lined as they were with low hanging trees, soon became very dark, this late November day, and the few dim lights scattered along the way only intensified the gloom. Slowly and as noiselessly as possible the convoy approached its destination. When near the street on which the little cottage occupied by Mother Tolliver was situated, Bobby sent forward a scouting party to see if the way was clear. Their whispered report was satisfactory, and the procession moved on. A small alley ran by the house, and close to it loomed the woodshed. Not a light appeared in the windows, and undoubtedly the good Mother Tolliver was in Dreamland, conversing with the good fairies she loved so well.

The wagons were brought up close to the gate, and with the aid of a flashlight which one of the boys had, the window in the woodshed was opened, and the boys took turns in handing the wood from the wagons to those inside the shed. Others piled it up, neatly and noiselessly.

As the autumn air was too cool to make sitting outdoors very comfortable, the boys were fortunate in escaping detection, and a sentry posted on the near-by street sounded a warning at the approach of pedestrians, so that the flashlight might be turned off.

In due time the wood had all been neatly piled, almost filling the shed, and with happy hearts but tired bodies, the boys departed for their respective homes. One of the boys was for giving three rousing cheers for Mother Tolliver, but wiser



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD, MINN.

Dear Beacon,—I have written to your Club once before, but will write again. I am eleven years of age. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School of Underwood, Minn. To-day was our last Sunday, because it gets so cold and most of the children have far to come. We are going to get our *Beacons* every week just the same. Must close, and leave room for other letters.

I remain,
DAGNEY OLSON.

H RANCH,
O
MADRID, NEB.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of your Beacon Club and wear your Beacon pin. I was nine years old the twenty-fifth of October and I read *The Beacon* every

Monday. I cannot read it Sunday, for we have no Sunday train out here. I go to the Unitarian church when I visit at Omaha, but as there is no Unitarian church out here we have a little home Sunday-school by ourselves. I go to the ^H school and am in the fifth grade. I have three brothers and I am the next oldest of us all.

Yours truly,

FRANCES KIMBALL HOLYOKE.

Success to the little home Sunday-school! We like to hear about this kind.

70 BRADFIELD AVENUE,
ROSЛИNDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Roslindale. I am ten years old, and I would like to wear the Beacon Club button. I enjoyed the story of "The Cabin on the Sky Line."

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR JOLLY.

On Giving Thanks.

THE following editorial, written by Rev. Edward A. Horton and published in *Every Other Sunday* in 1909, so admirably expresses what should be our attitude of mind at this time that we are reprinting it for the benefit of our readers:

In this number of our paper we remember Thanksgiving Day. It is good and wise to give thanks at all times for those things that seem to be gifts from on high, for the privileges that make our lives happy and strong. In the midst of privations many of our New England ancestors lifted up psalms of praise for what they could see to be blessings. Down to us has come this heritage of custom, and well it is that President and Governors call us to remembrance of whatsoever things are cheerful, whatsoever things are hopeful, whatsoever things are of good report.

The Editor asks the young readers to consider these things, and to think on them with earnest mind. Because there are many other things in our day not cheerful, hopeful, and of good report, the darker aspects of life may easily capture our thought, and blot out all thanksgiving.

We will give thanks for a noble past, which is the glory of our country,—gratitude for heroes, statesmen, poets, and great characters, who have made America what it is.

Thanksgiving for the Providence that has shaped our course, "rough-hewed," and led us on in a wonderful career.

Praise for every radiant sign of progress announcing peace and good will on earth. Speedily may the havoc of war be ended and the fierce enmity of nations be extinguished. Grant that the lilies of good will shall spring up in the place of the thistles of anger.

Praise and thanksgiving for the spread of truth and the light of knowledge. Into the remotest parts of the world this light is advancing. May it call forth the noblest sentiments of human hearts. May it lead along the right path of justice and fraternity.

We give thanks, too, for happy homes,

for friends, for daily joys that spring along the way. As are the people, so is the Nation. May the Lord bless us and keep us in all righteous things! May the world be better for our place and power as a people, by the example we set in law, order, character, and ideals. Then shall our Thanksgiving Day be nobly observed, for our thoughts will be of what we can do to bless and benefit humanity, and not alone our gratitude for blessings received.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn
In such pent borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heavens, wide and free.

LOWELL.

(Continued from page 31)

heads prevailed and the work of the fairies was not thus disclosed.

Bobby waited eagerly for the return of his father for dinner the next day. He knew that it was his custom to stop for a word with Mother Tolliver, and he was anxious to know how the discovery was taken.

Not a word did Doctor Dowling say during the progress of the meal, and Bobby had about decided that he had missed his usual trip, but the occasional quizzical gaze which his father bent upon him made him feel somewhat uneasy. Finally the Doctor addressed his wife, and said:

"Mother Tolliver's belief in fairies is right, after all, for, intangible as they are, they left material proof of their existence in the form of a shedful of wood last night. From now on I'm never going to doubt the reality of fairies. Strange, though, I never knew before that they wore caps, but they do, for I found this on top of one of the wood piles, and it looks very much like yours, Bobby, though of course it isn't."

But Bobby's father came over and laid a tender hand upon his son's head, and rather irrelevantly and with a catch in his voice he said, "God bless you, little man."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 19 letters, and am a hymn which is a favorite with all Americans. My 17, 7, 2, 10, is won by heroes in peace and war.

My 6, 4, 5, 2, 12, is a violation of law. My 17, 19, 18, 8, 3, is a musical instrument. My 1, 15, 15, 16, 6, is at the top of a house. My 6, 14, 11, is a young bear. My 9, 13, 15, is worn on the head.

M. W.

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 22 letters. My 2, 15, 6, 7, 11, lived in Europe long ago. My 14, 15, 20, 6, 17, is in the mouth. My 22, 20, 1, 21, is a means of entrance. My 2, 1, 15, 22, is not bad. My 14, 8, 9, 10, the British use. My 21, 20, 22, a means of punishment. My 14, 21, 12, 9, 10, used in traveling. My 13, 3, 9, 5, is less than 10. My 2, 8, 12, 13, 16, is thin, haggard. My 4, 5, 6, 15, is to forbid. My 22, 18, 8, 21, is precious. My whole is found in Psalms.

The Myrtle.

HIDDEN FRUITS.

1. Let me have a nap, please.
2. Don't you think she is pale, Mona?
3. He will appear next.
4. The peacock is a bird of fine plumage.
5. Florimel, one dollar has disappeared.

BETTY ALDEN.

CHESS BOARD PUZZLE.

S R C I I E G S
E U A N M A R U
C N I I E R A U
O R R P R S B T
I G A A A I S I
R V T C C S L U
G T S I E O N L
I A S C P R E O

Move in any direction, including diagonally, one square at a time. Each letter is used but once. The words found will be the names of signs of the Zodiac.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 6.

ENIGMA XII.—The Golden Rule. ENIGMA XIII.—Courtship of Miles Standish. CANNED GOODS.—1. Canterbury. 2. Canard. 3. Candid. 4. Canon. 5. Canoe. 6. Canary. 7. Candal.

CHANGED MEANINGS.—1. Buoy, boy. 2. Steel, steal. 3. Whole, hole. 4. Meet, meat. 5. Bred, bread. 6. Eat, feet. 7. Waste, waist. 8. Read, reapt.

LETTER CHANGES.—Spear, pear, reapt.

Correct answers to all the puzzles in No. 2 have been received from Alice W. Mills, Wayland, Mass.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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